the sea

for C

you are so tired
your bed swallows you
like the sea;

let your limbs
drop into the deep,

anchors
remembering the future
of the grave

and burial at sea;
the body returning to water,
its first and last home.

the sea tucks you in
like mama did,
kissing your eyelids,

salting them with dreams
that dissolve
when you wake.